

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



H.S. MOORADKANIAN

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JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL



THE NEW YEAR

Now that 1954 has arrived, it is time for us all to make some resolutions. There are many problems in our school which only you, the students, can solve.

Every morning there are two or three names mentioned of pupils who have lost books. This is a serious matter. Books cost money and our parents have to pay for them indirectly through taxes. It also results in much difficulty in classes when you are doing your lessons.

It is very annoying to find your desk stuffed with papers and other trash. It would be easier to save your scraps instead of throwing them on the floor or throwing them into desks. It takes little or no effort to put them in the wastebasket. This would save the janitors and home-room students unnecessary work. You could also be less sloppy in the cafeteria.

Lunch periods should be quieter as noise distracts students who are in classes at this time.

Behavior in the halls could also be improved. There is an excessive amount of running around, pushing, and jostling between classes. The congestion around the room entrances could be avoided if the

students would wait until rooms were cleared before entering. While waiting, they shouldn't stand in the middle of the hall but near the walls, away from the door.

Many lunches and wallets have been lost. Some of this could be prevented if students would carry their belongings with them. Also, the office is glad to keep money for you at any time.

We hope you will give us your cooperation in solving these problems during the year. If you do, the whole school will benefit by it.

The Editors

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

Why is the juvenile crime rate in this country higher than ever before? Why is there so much drug addiction, drunkenness, and careless, reckless driving among young people?

I think a large part of the blame can be put on living conditions and on the parents. Parents of juvenile delinquents are either too strict or too easy. When a parent won't allow his son or daughter any privileges at all and gives him severe punishments if he takes any privileges, it is only natural that he is going to do something behind

his parents' backs to satisfy his pent-up desires.

Then, if a parent is too easy on his child or neglects him, he will take advantage of his freedom by having one "darn good time!" And in some cases the child runs his family. He tells his parents what he wants done and how and when to do it, and they wait on him.

But, this is not the only reason. I think that every teen-ager wants

to be socially accepted. Many teen-agers belong to a gang. They know in order to keep and gain friendships they must act like their friends and keep up with them.

I think one of the ways to solve this problem is to help the teen-ager find a place for himself in the church, the home and, what is important, the school.

Carolyn Hawkes, '55



LITERARY

WHAT IS A COLLEGE GIRL?

(with apologies to Alan Beck)

Between the shy high school miss and the worldly-wise woman we find a life-loving creature called a college girl. College girls come in assorted weights, heights, and laughs, but they all have the same creed—to get the most out of every minute of the day.

College girls are found everywhere—in classes, on ski slopes, in the parks, at the library waiting for mail, and at the nearby men's colleges, whether it be Harvard, Dartmouth, Princeton or Yale. Teachers criticize them, parents worry about them, kid sisters envy them, fraternity men love them, and the house mothers mother them. A college girl has faith in the honor code, courage on skis, and pride in her college blazer.

She likes high marks, friendly teachers, knee socks, racoon coats, college banners, the latest records, Bermuda shorts, bridge, fraternity pins, and her campus. She is not much for an empty mailbox, winter sniffles, Casanovas, blaring alarm clocks, early classes, and extra pounds.

To her teachers she often has the mentality of a mule, patience of an expectant father, absorption of a stone, and the promptness of an awaited phone call. To her family she is at long last a mature woman, with the brains of Socrates, the figure of a Parisian manikin, talents of a prodigy, taste in clothes of a Mademoiselle reader, and the sincerity of a child.

A college girl is a wonderful creature—you can criticize her, but not discourage her. She is a hard-working, untiring determined kid doing the very best she can for her family and her friends. And when she graduates with a diploma in her hand and pride in her eyes, her teachers and family realize that all was not in vain.

Roberta Bamford, '55

SUPERBOY

"A B C D E F G W X Y Z !"

Little Dan's face beamed up at me with such obvious pride that I just hated to call his attention to the great big hole in the middle of his alphabet, so I said, "Good for you, honey, and what did you

learn on television school this week?" "Oh nothin'," was the bland reply, and my four year old nephew turned his attention back to the adventures of Captain Colic and his Space Spooks or something. That particular type of program just isn't my speed, so I wandered out to the kitchen and applied myself to something infinitely more satisfying, namely, a cold chicken leg.

About a half-hour had passed (it was a pretty big leg) when the racket of a "Jet-Propelled Cereal" commercial warned me to prepare myself for the inevitable question, "Donnie, buy me some of those?"

"Sure, honey, sure. Now take your robe off and climb into bed. I'll be in to hear your prayers in a minute."

For once in his boisterous life Dan did exactly as he was told and, following the shuffle of his slippers going into the bedroom, there was a complete silence.

Isn't chicken grease the darnedest thing to remove from fingers? One has to scrub almost till the skin peels. Of course, soap and water would have speeded the job, but the thought of filling and heating a kettle of water just made me tired. Anyway, I had used two or three paper towels when I became conscious of a soft but disturbing sound issuing from the bedroom. Some sixth sense prompted me to bound over the threshold in time to spot two pajama-clad legs wriggling on the inside window sill. The rest of the body was disappearing into the darkness outside. "Oh, no," I screamed and made a desperate lunge for the window. Too late Oh, Lord, I was too late!

The window had only been open a tiny bit for circulation of air. How could the little body have forced it high enough to roll over and out?

For a split second I stood still

with horror. What caused me the most anguish was the fact that Dan was not crying. The night was perfectly still!

Somehow I got outside, I don't remember how, and around to the spot under the bedroom window. "Please, please, please let him be all right. Please let him be all right," I sobbed.

The night was so mercilessly dark that I nearly stumbled over Dan in my anxiety. And I don't mind admitting I was scared to the point of collapse.

"Smokin' rockets," exclaimed Dan, picking himself up with a shuffle and a bounce. "I almost caught it! That planet came right down from outer space and I almost caught it! Gee, do you suppose the Atom Squad knew about that? Do you, huh?"

Whew! I repeat, whew! So a shooting star was behind this escape. With no further thought I scooped up our Junior Space Cadet and hustled him back to his bed, where a thorough check proved that his dive out the window had caused him no physical harm. A little dirt and a lot of excitement was the only outcome.

I was unusually tender with Danny that night. I sat on the edge of his bed stroking his forehead, holding his hand, being downright loving. It's a funny thing how such an accident, even though not serious, can make one realize the infinite worth of a human life. I can tell you one thing—if my sister ever moves to a second floor apartment, she'll have to find another baby-sitter.

Donna Mulchahey, '57

THE BIG DISAPPOINTMENT

Yeah, I'm a pretty good hand with an ax. My buddies like to watch me cut firewood in camp. But shucks, I ain't in the same league with Johnny Salmon or

Cutaway Cassidy. They live over in Soda Springs. Fanciest men with a double-bitted ax I ever see. Johnny's the champion rail cutter of British Columbia. And Cutaway's allus out to bust his record which is nine hundred fence rails in a single working day.

Well, one day last spring Cutaway gets up real early, eats three moose steaks with a gallon of tea, and says to himself, "This is the day! This is the day I bust Johnny's record and set a new one that no one will ever beat."

He shoulders his razor-shark at dawn and goes into the best patch of rail poplars in the whole country. He slams the ax into a big tree whilst he takes off his coat and shirt, then grabs it again and soon has the chips flying so thick they darken the sun.

Well, sir, Cutaway works all day—even through the lunch hour—and he figures his goal for at least a hundred rails an hour. At four thirty he knocks off, figuring he's got Johnny's record well beat. But when he piles and counts the rails he finds he's cut only eight hundred and seventy-two!

He's just sick with disappointment, but there's nothing left to do but go home, so he starts to put on his shirt and coat and, by golly, what does he see? Why, the bit of his ax still stuck in the big tree. No wonder he hadn't been able to beat Johnny's record. He'd been cutting fence rails all day with an ax handle!

Robert Harris, '57

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

Coleen tiptoed down the dimly lit corridor. A faint tinkle which highly resembled keys being twirled on a key chain echoed through the corridor. Coleen nimbly stepped into the shadows as a pair of heavy footsteps joined the tinkle of the keys. The tall, muscu-

lar individual who accompanied the feet was nonchalantly twirling a key chain on his forefinger.

Coleen held her breath as the sinister-looking man passed her. She waited until he had turned the corner, then moving slowly along next to the wall she strained her eyes to find what she was looking for.

The corridor ended abruptly, revealing a huge, spread-out room. This room, which was littered with packing cases and barrels, was unmistakably the main storage room in the warehouse. The only light was that which crept in through the dusty windows from the streetlight.

Coleen's trained ears caught the sound of a door opening into the massive room. She quickly ducked behind a handy packing case as two burly men stepped into a stream of light.

One of them growled an order to the other to snap on the light switch. He readily complied and walked to the switch.

The sudden change from darkness to light momentarily blinded Coleen. As she regained her sight, the men took up a conversation and advanced toward the packing case behind which she was hiding.

"This is the one, Joe," the taller person commented in a gruff voice.

"Yeah," was the reply. "Let's get it out of here."

Coleen knew she would have to act fast. She quietly but quickly moved from behind the case and took refuge behind another. "That was a close call," she thought to herself.

The men carried the packing case out of the warehouse and disappeared from sight.

The one called Joe appeared unexpectedly in the doorway a few minutes later, snapped the lights off, then left again.

Coleen prepared to leave when another interruption delayed her

action. The now familiar sound of the keys and key chain penetrated the inky darkness of the corridor leading to the main room of the warehouse. Some one turned off the tiny lights which previously lit the corridor. The man with the key chain entered the room unseen.

Unheeding, he walked to the light switch and snapped on the light. Now, for the first time, Coleen saw the face, plainly and clearly, of the man she was out to get. Not a very nice looking person, he was perfectly suited to the position he held in the underworld. Keys Mason by name, he was in command of the biggest racket in operation. No one had been able to capture him for years. Now, here he was, practically handcuffed. And who would be responsible? Patrolwoman Coleen Fields. Yes, this would certainly be a milestone in Coleen's life.

She slowly drew her revolver from her shoulder bag and gulped down the lump in her throat.

Boys and girls, be sure to listen tomorrow for the last episode in this thrilling series! And now, here is a word from our sponsor.

Jane Sargent, '55

FIRST COMBAT MISSION

Nervously, Carter gunned the engine and went over the various checks of the instruments. He found everything functioning perfectly, much to his relief.

As he waited for the leader's signal to take off, his mind wandered back to his first day of training. How proud and happy he had been, but not for long. The upper-classmen soon made him feel miserable. They were always yelling at him to stand at attention and making him do crazy things such as addressing the water cooler as captain and cleaning the area

at every corner, which consisted of looking to the right and left and yelling all clear and then looking up and down and yelling all clear.

This became such a habit he had to restrain himself from doing it on leave. He had picked up everything readily and become one of the top pilots in his class. Townsend, his roommate, had been just the opposite, and Carter felt sorry for him the day he flunked out.

The leader's signal interrupted his thoughts. Quickly the Sabers took off. In ten minutes they would be over enemy territory.

Carter wondered whether Townsend was the unlucky one, back home in the U. S. A. safe and secure while he was 20,000 feet in the air and going into combat for the first time. It dawned slowly upon him that somebody out there was going to try to kill him. He was scared!

They sighted the Migs 10,000 feet below them. The flight leader signalled the attack. Carter picked his target and dove straight for it. He opened fire too soon and the Mig rolled away. He pulled out of the dive and found a Mig in his sights. As he fired he saw the bullets spatter off the edge of the Mig's wing and then it was lost from sight. When he leveled off he saw the Migs heading for home, one a little farther behind the others—the one he had hit.

Carter felt a little disgusted for not having shot the Mig down completely, but still a little happy. The combat had not lasted more than a minute, but during that time Carter had forgotten all his fears. Now he was flying home with the ground 20,000 feet below him, and the sun just setting behind him. He knew he was the lucky one, not Townsend.

Robert Boutilier, '55

THE LIFE OF A SCHOOLBOOK

I am a schoolbook. My coat is torn and frayed at the edges, but inside I hold a vast knowledge of great things.

My uses are unlimited. I have seen many people and I know things which are long forgotten. I have had names carefully engraved on my inside covers only to be erased the next year and have others substituted for them.

I carry secret messages from one end of a room to the other. I am held in many distinct positions. I am held close in wet weather, far in sunny weather, and swung leisurely at her side by the bashful girl walking with her beau.

I notice different traits about people which often go unnoticed. I take great interest in people's eyes. Some scan over my words lightly, while others gaze and ponder at strange words.

On weekends I'm usually left on a desk with "Bob Hope's Best Jokes" or "How to Dance" by Arthur Murray.

I'm stuffed with paper till I feel like a Thanksgiving turkey. I'm held together by Scotch tape. I've been bound several times.

All summer I spend my vacation among the other poor books, some of which have seen a better life than I, some worse.

I am thrown, tugged at, scribbled upon, and sat on, but still, I am your favorite book.

Maureen Cushing, '55

A WINTER SCENE

As dawn broke, it revealed to me a snow-covered world. The snow had been falling all night, slowly yet ceaselessly. As the early morning sun shone brightly upon a wide field, it made the loose snow gleam like sparkling diamonds. The world appeared calm and serene as the wind whistled by.

Near the edge of this snow-covered field, a deep ravine was filled with fluttering snow flakes. Beside this ravine were a group of young fir trees, laden with snow that gleamed in the brilliant rays of the sun.

Soon the gusty north wind came up and shook the snow from the limbs of the trees. The birds twittered in the cold air and squirrels scampered to and fro, getting food they had hidden in a tree trunk during the autumn months. As they ran about, tiny footprints were left on the field.

Then the sun slid behind a dark cloud and it began to snow again. The air was bitter and the blinding snow kept coming down, again covering everything in sight. The trees once more hung heavy with snow and, with the high white snow-banks all around, they looked like an ancient castle in winter.

As I watched, I thought to myself, "No artist could ever put this beautiful scene on canvas."

Frances Broderick, '56

THE COMEBACK

The tired, drawn face of the youthful manager scanned the bench of white-uniformed men hopefully for a reliable pinch hitter. His gaze rested upon each available ball player, weighing each man's chance to come through against the odds in this situation. At the far end of the bench, his eyes finally came to rest on a tall, lanky fellow who met his gaze unwaveringly with silent courage and eagerness.

The manager eyed the player keenly for a few seconds, his eyes silently asking the question which he knew only the player himself could answer. This was a ticklish situation for even a regular to face . . . could he do it? He who had been absent for so long—who was attempting a comeback now—was he ready?

The ball player eyed his pilot squarely, nodded his assent and mumbled, "Ready, skipper." With that he chose his bat and ambled up the dugout steps and onto the field.

The moment he set foot on the field, the park was thrown into a tumult as the fans became one wild, jubilant, ecstatic mass thundering their wholehearted "welcome home," and drowning out the blaring P. A. announcing the substitution. They needed no introduction—he was their hero—and they loved him.

Brandishing two mean-looking Louisville sluggers he strode towards the plate, the old warm familiar grin tugging at the corners of his mouth, ironing out the tenseness and anxiety from his taut face. Lobbing the extra bat to the waiting batboy, he stepped to the plate and grinned at the catcher who joshed him good-naturedly.

Scraping his feet in the dirt, then mopping his sweaty brow with a not too steady hand, he strove to rid himself of the rising tension—to relax. The time had come! After his prolonged absence from the game, some predicted he would never regain top form—too old—he was all washed up. But he had resolutely begun the laborious process of getting into shape. He wouldn't call it quits. He would prove that he could come back—and *stay*.

He adjusted his cap and with a final whack of his bat knocked the imaginary dirt from his spikes. *They* were for him—this deliriously crazed, wonderful mob—cheering him on. *They* had an uncanny faith in the strength lying behind his tremendously powerful wrists—the murderous wallop they packed. He wouldn't let them down—he couldn't. His gaze wandered toward the press box—the sports-writers were frantically

click-clacking away on their typewriters, their eager eyes transfixed on him.

These thoughts whirled through his brain as he wiped his hands across his shirt and fingered his cap for the last time. Finally, squaring away in the batter's box, he faced his Nemesis and awaited the pitch.

The enemy pitcher eyed him speculatively, sizing up the situation. Then he reared back and sent the horsehide spinning on its mission.

His grip tightened as the spinning sphere hurtled toward him. But he took it for ball one. Somewhere in the distance he could hear the muffled roar of the crowd rise expectantly with each downward motion of the pitcher's follow through, as he burned each pitch across the plate. The following two pitches he let go by for balls before a strike was called. Then, with a 3-1 count chalked up, he stepped out of the batter's box. His teammates were perched on the top step of the dugout shouting unintelligibly, the fans alternately shouting encouragement to him and riding the pitcher. They were depending on him. Now was his chance to prove himself.

Stepping back into the box he again assumed that old familiar stance of his. The blood drained from his clenched fingers as he leaned into the next pitch and . . . The deafening roar of the exultant fans rose to a crashing crescendo as the old horsehide soared higher and higher over the frenzied multitude and dropped into the upper right field decks.

Thirty-three thousand fans were transformed into a frantic, jubilant, tumultuous mob; up in the broadcasting booth the sportscaster was gesticulating wildly; in the press box, the tough, hard-bitten sports-writers unabashedly gave vent to their feelings as they

pounded away that "The Mighty Ted Williams Has Come Home!"
Helen Mooradkanian, '55

MY DOG PETE

I guess my dog Pete is about the best friend a boy ever had. He follows me everywhere I go and just seems to be around whenever I need him.

Take yesterday, for example, when I was playing baseball with the gang in the vacant lot. Suddenly Butch hit a long home run over the fence and into crabby old Mr. Jones' favorite flower bed. In spite of the fact that it was our one and only baseball, we all lit out for home as fast as our legs would carry us because Mr. Jones isn't exactly friendly when one of his prized flowers gets crushed. However, a few minutes after I arrived home and was sitting on the back steps panting, up the street came none other than Pete, his tail wagging and our precious ball held tightly between his teeth. Good old Pete! When the gang heard about this he was awarded a big juicy bone which everyone agreed he certainly deserved.

Pete also has other talents, one of which is his great fighting ability. After several bloody battles with the neighborhood canines from which he emerged the winner, he became recognized as the uncrowned king of our neighborhood. As part of his official duties he beats up stray dogs, chases all cats into the nearest tree, and referees fights between the young puppies of the neighborhood.

One day, unfortunately, Pete met his match. It was during the summer he followed me to my favorite fishing spot. I settled down comfortably at the side of the brook for a long pleasant afternoon and Pete, as was his usual habit, went exploring in the surrounding woods. I had been there for about two hours, without any

luck incidentally, when I heard Pete running through the woods, yelping with pain. I ran to the rescue and the sorriest sight imaginable met my eyes. There was Pete, his face and nose filled with porcupine quills.

For about two months after that, while his face was healing, Pete wasn't quite so adventurous. However, he is now back to his old tricks and everyone is satisfied once more.

Barbara Wainwright, '54

SUCCESS

I stopped slowly, uneasily, worriedly watching and listening to all the common noises of the big city which now for some reason sounded very loud and almost unbearable. I glanced at the man beside me and was relieved to know that he would be ready to help me if I needed help.

Those lights, those big ominous lights. Their bright colors flashing red, then green, almost blinding. It was only a matter of seconds but it seemed like hours as I sat watching, waiting. I was speedily becoming a bundle of nerves, picturing what would occur if I failed to succeed.

I glanced at everyone around me who was also waiting and watching those horrible lights. I wondered how many others also felt the awful fear and dread that surged through my mind and body.

Those people with me all depended upon me; they all had confidence in me. I just had to do it right for their sake as well as for my own. If I did fail, what would they think, what would they say?

Suddenly it was time and I proceeded toward those lights—closer, closer, until I finally passed them. Heaving a sigh of relief I continued on, farther and farther away from them.

As I went on, I slowly began to gain confidence and before long I realized that I had succeeded. I stopped in front of a big brick building and turned to the man beside me. He smiled cheerfully

as he held out a small, important-looking pink slip and went back into the big brick building—the office of the Registry of Motor Vehicles!

Susan Hearty, '54



POET'S CORNER

VALENTINE

A bit of crinkly snowy lace
And common pins all over the place.
A piece of scarlet crepe-de-chine
And a quick going-over with the sewing machine.
A puff of fluffy ermine cotton
And some sweet sachet must not be forgotten.
Some flowing red ribbons, I'm sure would be smart
To entwine your true love in the strings of your heart.
'Tis now near completion but before we are through,
Let's add one more thing, just the phrase "I love you."

Dorothy Hoessler, '55

DAWN

I saw the silver threads of light
Bid farewell to the hastening night
And watched the Goddess of ebony sky
Leave her mantle of jewels and slip quietly by.

I heard the harbinger of spring
Winging forth his message to bring
And saw the shadows disappear
Carrying with them all darkness and fear.

And there in vast and glittering number
Dewdrops lay in peaceful slumber,
Yet melted away at mortal touch,
Pure as pearls and treasured as such.

And now the rosy blush of sky
Tints the meadows and flowers thereby,
And bathes the world in a brilliant hue
To soften the darkness of this day born anew.

Dorothy Hoessler, '55

THE SPIRE

It glistened in the sunlight,
Its whitewashed spire and crown of gold,
And held within its Gothic arch
A heavenly story so sweetly told.

Streams of brilliant dancing light
 Wove patterns in the gloom,
 Like a frolicksome fairy in a gay jeweled robe,
 At play in a still marble room.

Ancestral music flowed from within
 And beckoned God's children to pray,
 As the spire raised its slender white finger on high
 Sending prayers up to God on Christ's day.

Dorothy Hoessler, '55



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

Things Noticed:

All the I. D. bracelets and various other Xmas gifts proudly sported by steady couples. . . . The wonderful job "The Ricochets" did in raising \$200 for the Senior class. . . . Worried senior girls, wondering if their class pictures will "come out all right."

* * * * *

As most of you know, a new group of local musicians, "The Crows," is emerging into the teenage spotlight.

"The Crows," all Johnson students but one, have played at several local dances recently. This group, organized by Gerry Smith '55, is comprised of Kenny Rapacz '55, Bob Lefebvre '53, Hi Connell '55, Howard Ratcliffe '56, and Bill Salemme '55. Several weeks ago they appeared on a local talent show, running off with the monthly trophy. They are to compete in the quarter finals which are to be held soon. We're with you, kids!

* * * * *

The junior and senior classes met to discuss the Prom and decided to give the P. T. A. a vote of confidence in their efforts to

conduct the annual event as Methuen did last year. The Prom would have a police escort to a theatre and would see a premier of a picture. Only those who attended the Prom would see the picture. Then these students would return to the hall where they could eat, dance, and be entertained. There would be no charge to the students for this affair.

* * * * *

Miss Clara Chapman's chemistry class recently took a conducted tour through Glennie's Milk Plant. The students learned much that would help them in their studies.

* * * * *

At the close of the football season the annual football banquet was held in the town hall. The evening opened with the introduction of the cheerleaders and football players. This was followed by a prayer by Reverend Brown of the Unitarian Church and a turkey dinner. After the dinner Mr. Hayes, who acted as M. C., introduced William McEvoy, president of the North Andover Boosters' Club; Mr. O'Brien, Superintendent of Schools; Mr. Bing Miller,

assistant coach; and Mr. Finneran, faculty manager. Following this, short talks were given by retiring captains Ron Fountain and Art Lynch and the new co-captains Dave Hallsworth and Charles Kettinger. Next came a speech by Mr. Lee, in which he spoke of the possibility of his retiring. Following this there was presentation of awards to various players and the presentation of roses from the center-piece on the head table to the cheerleaders.

The main and final speaker of the evening was Father George Kirr, former All-American at B. C. and a member of the famous Sugar Bowl team. He talked interestingly on athletics and the part it plays in a boy's life and also on what makes an athlete. He also told tales of humorous incidents in his own life which concluded a

very fine evening of entertainment.
C. H.

* * * * *

The excellent singing of a group of sophomore girls was enjoyed by all in Johnson just before the Christmas vacation. The group walked through the corridors singing Christmas carols and imparted to teachers and pupils alike the Christmas spirit. The group consisted of twelve girls: Angela Medici, Gilda Nardi, Beverly Nichols, Edith Stott, Frances Broderick, Carol Weigel, Martha Roberts, Nancy Pendlebury, Virginia Briguglio, Carol Marland, Virginia Foster and Nancy Wainwright. They were under the excellent direction of Mr. Mosher. Congratulations and thank you, girls. You did a swell job. We'd like to have this treat repeated in the future.
D. M.



RECORD

MEET MR. STEELE

A new teacher in our commercial department this year is Mr. Harwood Steele. He teaches type, consumer education, and junior business training. He came to us from Farmington High School in Farmington, Maine, where he taught for two years.

Born in Waldoboro, Maine, he attended grammar and high school there. While in high school he played baseball and basketball. His extra-curricular activities included membership in the Dramatic Club, the Glee Club, and the Athletic Association.

He attended Husson College, a business school in Bangor, and then went on to the University of

Maine where he majored in business and received his Bachelor of Science degree in Commercial Education. In college he was a member of the Theta Chi fraternity. He participated in some of the fraternity sports which include bowling and basketball.

During World War II he was in the Air Corps for three years. His present permanent residence is South Portland, Maine. During the past two summers he has worked in accounting offices for different Maine firms. He enjoys sports in general, especially hunting, fishing and tennis. We all feel that Mr. Steele is a valuable addition to our growing commercial department.

The Editors.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP REPRESENTATIVE

Beverlee Thomson was chosen by the faculty and students for the DAR Good Citizenship award for the current year.

Beverlee is enrolled in the college course and is an honor student. A few of the many activities Bev has participated in are Student Council, *Journal* Staff, *Gobbler* Staff, and Cheerleading.

Congratulations, Beverlee. You certainly are worthy of this honor.
M. A. B.

STUDENT COUNCIL

On January 4 the Student Council held a brief meeting to discuss the proposed plans for entertainment after the Prom. This entertainment is going to take a lot of planning and it will be quite an elaborate undertaking.

About four members of the Methuen Student Council and one of the P. T. A. members will probably come to Johnson later to speak to the students and explain to them how the details will be worked out.
H. M. McC.

SENIOR CLASS

A senior meeting was held at which it was decided that our class president, Bruce Hamilton, choose three seniors to serve on the Prom Committee, along with the class officers. Those chosen were Kitty Driscoll, Carol Long, and Jack Slipkowsky.
P. E.

JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

On January 19th, the Juniors had a class meeting to select members for the Prom Committee. The class decided to have its president, Larry Corcoran, select the members of the committee. The committee is made up of our three class officers, Larry Corcoran, Maureen Smith, and Elsie Thomas

and the three members selected from the students of the class who are Robert Kellan, Corinne Smith and Francis Gillick. M. A. M.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Hi Kids!

There isn't much news from our class this time. However, here is an item which we overlooked in the rush last time.

Congratulations to Adele Bullock, who was selected by her fellow classmates to represent Room Twelve. Adele graduated from the Kittredge School. She plans to further her education in college after graduation from high school.
P. W.

JOHNSON PLAY

The Johnson High School play this year will be the three-act comedy "Curtain Going Up" by Gregory Johnston. It is the story of how a high school play is put on; it has the "play within a play" motif.

Tryouts were held with Mr. Taylor in Room 12 on January 21. A large number of students tried out for the parts.

Mr. Taylor announced the following cast:

Miss Irene Burgess	Ina Thomson
Lorry Fuller	Priscilla Avery
Nancy Leveridge	

Dorothy Hoessler

Kyle Roberts

Mary Ann Bootman

Miss Carolyn Moran

Helen Marie McCarthy

Miss Henrietta Rivers

Susan Hearty

Joan White

Mary Love

Elsie

Roberta Bamford

Janet

Nellie Moschetto

Sylvia

Josephine Luzzio

Andy

Fred Wilson

Mr. Norman Carter

Robert Kellan

Jocko

Donald Foulds

Buck Dennis Currier ✓
 Milton Sanders Victor DeMario ✓
 Mr. Tony Peterson Gary Saul ✓
 Mr. Leveridge Robert Dehullu ✓
 Stage Manager, Robert Harris

pany on behalf of the students of Johnson High School. M. A. B.

POLIO ASSEMBLY

At this assembly on polio we were given an explanation about this illness and were shown a very interesting movie. The movie was about the summer camp for stricken victims at Sea Haven on Plum Island, Massachusetts. It showed the recreation made possible for these crippled persons through the contributions to the "March of Dimes."

The people most commonly stricken by this dread disease are children and, unfortunately, many of them die each year from this killer. By our contribution to the "March of Dimes" we not only provide recreation for polio victims but we also help scientists to carry out their work in stamping out this disease. We should try to contribute as much as we can to this cause. M. A. B.

RED CROSS COLLECTION

A collection for the Red Cross was authorized by the school committee and was taken up in the home rooms before school. The response to this collection was very generous. M. A. B.

TELEVISION AT JOHNSON

On January 20, 1954, the students of Johnson High School had the pleasure of witnessing the President's annual message to Congress on television. Three sets were installed throughout the school.

These television sets were loaned to Johnson High School through the courtesy of Knuepfer & Dimmock, Inc. We wish to take this opportunity to thank this com-

GUIDANCE REPORT

The first guidance conference was held November 20. Miss Rose Mullins, Director of Guidance and Placement at Emmanuel College, spoke about "What it is Like to be a Social Worker." Mr. William H. Lammers, Assistant Director of Admissions at Springfield College, talked about careers in Physical Education. Miss Helen Kroepsch, Administrative Assistant, John Hancock Life Insurance Company, discussed office jobs for high school graduates.

In December, Lieut. Shaughnessy showed a movie illustrating the life of a girl in the Air Force. After the movie, Lieut. Shaughnessy answered questions concerning the opportunities for girls in the Air Force.

Sergeant Rutledge talked to the boys about careers for them in the armed services.

December 16, Mr. Born from Westbrook Junior College explained the functions of the various departments at the college.

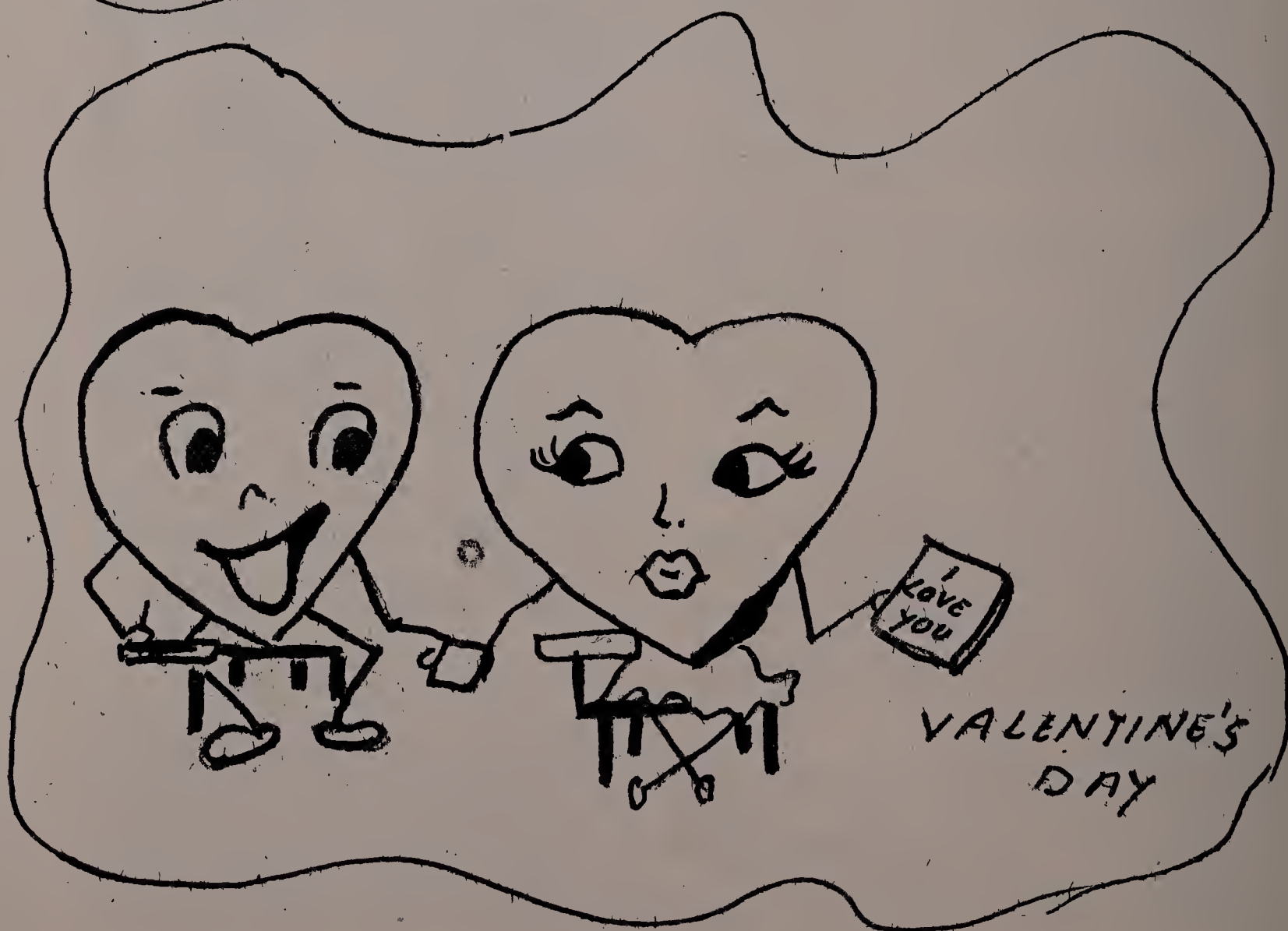
On December 17 Miss Ash, a representative of the telephone company, presented "Your Voice is You." She recorded the voices of the sophomore English classes and played the recording back to the students.

On January 13 some senior boys visited Essex Aggie for the day. There, they discussed a probable two-year course to be held there for high school graduates. J.E.S.

MISTLETOE HOP

The Mistletoe Hop, sponsored by the Ricochets, a senior club for girls composed of Pat Elander, Mary Love, Pat Daley, Kay Humber, Sally Hassey, Rosalie Howard, Jackie Finn, Ina Thomson,

~ F E B R



U A R Y ~



Bev Thomson, Josie Luzzio, Nelle Moschetto, Lois Broderick, Carol Long, and Jean McIntosh, has been the most successful dance of the year so far. The disc-jockey, Ken Ash, is well-known for his wonderful selection of dance music. The hall was cleverly decorated for this dance which was held December 30, for the walls were adorned with champagne glasses and the sparkling bubbles were replaced by small colorful balloons. The decorations were made and planned by the whole club.

The money collected from the dance was \$200, with all expenses paid. This money was given to our senior class. The chaperones for the evening were Mrs. Love and Mrs. Thomson. We thank them very much for giving up their free time to help us. B. B.

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL DANCE

The Girls' Basketball Dance, held January 8th in the Stevens Hall at Johnson, was attended by a very large gathering. Miss Dun-

ham, our basketball coach, and the members of the squad, Edith Bamford, Kitty Driscoll, Maureen Smith, Roberta Bamford, Pris Marrs, Ina Thomson, Millie Rose, Elsie Thomas, Carol Long, Lois Broderick, Josie Luzzio, Ida Mammino, and Jean Giard did their very best to make this dance a success.

The decorations were very attractive and carried out the basketball motif. The music was provided by Russ Matheson, a popular local disc-jockey.

We wish to thank Miss Dunham, Mr. Steele, Miss Sheridan, and Miss Donlan who acted as chaperones. B. B.

GUESS WHO

She's short, peppy, and lots of fun. She likes sports and plays basketball. Her short black hair and snappy brown eyes tell you she is always ready to have a good time. You can always be sure she will give help when asked.

Can you guess who this cute sophomore is?

See Page 18



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

The cheerleaders were guests this year, as in the past, of the Athletic Association at the football banquet. American Beauty rose-buds were presented to each girl as a token of appreciation.

On December 4, the cheerleaders went to Hudson for the annual Cheerleaders Competition. The usual creditable showing was made by the squad.

Those who won starting position on the varsity basketball

squad are: Captain E. Bamford, and P. Marrs, I. Thomson, and M. Smith, forwards; K. Driscoll, R. Bamford, M. Rose, and E. Thomas are guards. Others seeing action are C. Long, I. Mammino, J. Giard, J. McIntosh, J. Luzzio, J. Finn, and L. Broderick.

The opening game of the season was played on home ground against Merrimac High. A close score was maintained throughout the whole game, but Merrimac edged Johnson to a 37-33 victory. P. Marrs was high scorer with 20

points, followed by E. Bamford with 8.

The J. V. squads also met on home territory. Our J. V.'s proved themselves better players than the Merrimac team, as shown in the 35-17 score. Those seeing action were S. Hardiman, D. Paradis, N. West, T. Currier, F. Broderick, J. Myhaver, A. Currier, and J. Caimi. D. Paradis tallied 14 points, followed by T. Currier with 13 and S. Hardiman with 8.

The Red and Black aggregation met their foe on the Perley High court on December 15. The Perley girls outclassed them in every respect and proved themselves to be sharper shooters than the Johnson cagers, which accounted for the 54-14 score. M. Smith was high scorer with 5 points.

December 17 the Johnson squads were the guests of Merrimac High. For the third time the varsity squad experienced the bitter taste of defeat. Although the girls fought doggedly to outscore their rivals, the Red and Black cagers ended up on the short end of a 44-33 score. P. Marrs and M. Smith were our shooters with 13 points. The J. V. squad defeated the Merrimac J. V.'s 16:11 after playing only half a game.

Returning to action after the Christmas holidays, the rejuvenated squad played Punchard on the latter's court. The team looked good as it started tallying points during the first minutes of the game. The good defensive and offensive ball playing continued throughout the next half, giving Johnson its first victory with a 37-25 score. Much credit should be extended to the forwards for their good plays and to the guards for excellent defensive work. P. Marrs was high scorer with 16 points, followed by M. Smith with 15.

As this edition goes to press the squad has yet more games to play.

January 19 the squad, wearing their new red uniforms and white sweat shirts, will be host to Topsfield.

Good luck, team!

R. E. B. & E. A. B.

BOYS' SPORTS

Johnson's season on the high court was opened by a game with Perley High in Georgetown. Despite the scoring punch contributed by the Black and Red forwards, Bruce Hamilton and Danny McLaughlin, Johnson's hoop team was forced to drop a 55-36 opener to Perley. The winners trailed at the end of the first eight minutes 8-9, but improved their scoring output towards the remainder.

Johnson once again came out on the short end when Dracut, registering thirty-two of its total points from the foul line, handed the Black and Red five a 60-39 defeat.

In the prelim the Johnson J.V.'s rode triumphantly over the Dracut reserves 39-29.

In spite of the trouble the Johnson quintet gave the victors most of the way, and some outstanding playing by McLaughlin and Hamilton who picked up a combined total of 23 points, it succumbed to a tune of 60-39.

The dash with Punchard also falls into the same category as those above, for despite terrific playing by Danny McLaughlin and an excellent shadow-job on Capt. Bill Stack, the black and red quintet fell to a score of 66 to 40.

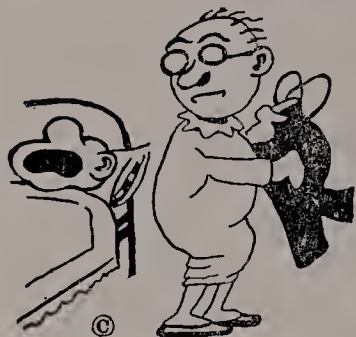
Johnson, a ball of fire in the first half, began to falter during the remainder and McLaughlin, closely guarded by Red Yancy, was limited to only one point. The second half saw the Black and Red five take but one basket.

The tide changed from defeat to victory when Francis Gillick and Dan McLaughlin paced John-

son's team to its first win of the season, tumbling Topsfield by a score of 48-39.
R. K.

ANSWER TO GUESS WHO

Pat Hogan



EXCHANGES

Johnson High School wants to welcome the senior high school of Arlington to its list of exchanges. We enjoyed reading *The Chronicle* and feel that you have a fine paper.

* * * * *

Swampscotta, Swampscott, Massachusetts—Your large collection of pictures adds a lot to your fine publication.

* * * * *

The Western Graphic, Colorado Woman's College, Denver, Colorado—Your well-reported social program makes your paper very interesting.

* * * * *

The Lawrencian, Lawrence, Mass.—We like the large variety of columns which make up your paper. We enjoyed the Christmas Tree Poem in the December issue.

* * * * *

The Blue and White, Methuen, Mass.—Borrowed from your December issue:

The human brain is a wonderful

thing. It starts working the minute you are born and never stops until you stand up to recite.

Also borrowed from your December issue:

You can always tell a Freshman by the tired way he looks.

You can always tell a Sophomore by the absence of his books.

You can always tell a Junior by his tender eyes and such.

You can always tell a Senior, but you can never tell him much.

* * * * *

Brown and Gold, Haverhill, Massachusetts—We enjoyed reading your paper and were particularly interested in your recipe for the paper in the December 18 issue.

* * * * *

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass.—Thanks for your compliment and also for your suggestion. We are always ready for suggestions. Your publication is very highly rated here at Johnson. Your cartoon in the fall issue was very clever.

R. N.



HUMOR

Joe: Gonna be tough sleddin' today.

Moe: How come?

Joe: No snow.

Love is like an onion;

We taste it with delight,

But when it's gone, we wonder

Whatever made us bite!

We know a teacher who thinks a classroom clock should have a sign posted on it: "Time will pass. Will you?"

* * * * *

A drizzle is two drips going steady.

* * * * *

Chemistry teacher: "This gas contains deadly poison. What steps would you take if it escaped?"

Student: "Long ones, sir."

* * * * *

Maybe you think these jokes are bad
But you'd quickly change your views
If you compared the jokes we print
With the ones we never use.

* * * * *

Landlady: A professor formerly occupied this room, sir. He invented an explosive!

New Roomer: Ah! I suppose

those spots on the ceiling are the explosive.

Landlady: No, that's the professor.

* * * * *

Song Titles

"Answer Me"—Mr. Taylor's oral examination.

"Oh!"—Oh that homework.

"Till Then"—Summer vacation.

"Say It With Your Heart"—Speech 3-2.

"Tell Me Why"—Mr. Steele's detention room.

"Rock the Joint"—Johnson's Friday night dances.

"Shot - Gun Boogie" — Boys' Basketball Team.

* * * * *

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